

Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

VOL. 6.

STROUDSBURG, MILFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1846.

No. 47.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SCHOCH & SPERING.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 37 1-2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion: larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

From the Erie Observer.

Is there a God?

BY ARCHETYPAL.

Is there a God?

Look to yon firmament above,
Where worlds on worlds pour out,
And ask the planets there that move—
Or ask thine heart whence springs the doubt;
Ask, and thine inmost soul will say,
These are his works—and His alone—
All in that fair blue Heav'n we see,
Bear proof of Him, th' Eternal One.

Is there a God?—

Look to the mighty deep below
Where oceans 'mid deep caverns sweep;
Whence springs their mystic ebb and flow—
What power commands the restless deep?
'Tis nature. Yes but nature too,
Proclaims to all—proclaims aloud—
Holds forth in every shade we view,
The power of a ruling God.

Is there a God?—

Look to the green and fertile earth—
Look to each herb—each plant we see;
And ask thyself what gave them birth,
The smallest blade—the loftiest tree.
Thine heart will tell thee, if sincere—
Thine age bear witness of the proof—
That thou can't feel and see e'en there
The will—the power of him above.

Is there a God?

Oh! doubt it not—where'er we gaze,
Where e'er we roam—where e'er we be;
There, there in all and ev'ry place;
Are myriad proofs, Lord, God, of Thee;
The eagle soaring high in air,
The insect on the low-grass sod—
The great, the small, in every sphere—
All nature's works proclaim a God.

Is there a God?—

Man, ask that which within thee dwells,
And wakes thy soul to hope or fear;
That which thine every action feels,
And whispers to thine heart and ear;
Or look around, beneath, above;
Look where thou wilt, thou'lt ever see,
In all, in each, full proof enough,
Of him who reigns eternally.

Original and True.

An editor out West has a journeyman printer, worth his weight in gold—a sort of *rara avis*, a quiz, a wit, a poet, an orator, a man who is up to every thing under the sun. In the summer, when business is dull and business becomes scarce, our editorial friend has nothing to do but ring the bell for the journeyman. "Tom," says he, "I want a speech to-day—half a column done up brown." "I'll fix it, sir," replies Tom, who proceeds forthwith to his case, and, without copy or previous preparation sets up an admirable speech, purporting to have been delivered by some crack orator before the last public meeting. If necessary, Tom makes a wood cut, representing the orator in one of his happiest flights. The speech takes like wild fire, and is considered a splendid effort of genius. Occasionally Tom is called upon to grace the editorial chair. "Tom I shall be absent for a couple of weeks—keep up the steam!" "Yes, sir," says Tom, and sure enough the paper goes along like a locomotive. Sometimes Tom is requested to knock the argument of a political opponent or a black-guard editor into pi. No sooner said than done. Tom goes to his case, with dire indignation upon his brow; and sets up a perfect smasher. The offending wretch is killed, to all intents and purposes. In addition to all these qualifications, Tom does all the pugilistic business of the establishment, reports the proceedings of the Legislature, duns the subscribers, keeps the books, attends the meetings, officiates at the balls and parties, does the stump speaking for the county, and exhorts at all the Methodist revivals. A good hand we should say. That fellow Tom deserves to be a Member of Congress, or Governor of Oregon.

Practical Jokes in the Army.

BY C. M. J.

Ned C. was a young and merry Sub, of the 1st infantry, and what is termed in the army "a clever fellow." It is true that Ned was somewhat given to "keeping his spirits up by pouring spirits down," especially when stationed at the outpost; but he never would have been called an *intemperate man*.

At the time of my story, the detachment to which Ned belonged occupied a post on the South-west frontier, and might be said to be in *close quarters*; as the officers and men, from the crowded state of the garrison, were reduced to less than half allowance of eating and sleeping room authorized by regulations. To this arrangement was Ned indebted for the society of the surgeon of the post, who shared with him the comforts and conveniences of an apartment twelve feet square.

The Doctor actuated by feelings of regard for Ned's well-being, (it may have been with an eye to his own quiet and repose,) was in the habit of administering to him, occasionally a dose of good advice, and remonstrating with him on the impropriety of staying out late at night, getting "tight," and coming home "disturbing people after they had gone to bed," all of which Ned took very patiently, but without mending his ways. The Doctor, finding that it was utterly useless to appeal to Ned's sense of propriety, with the hope of effecting a change in his mode of life, began to address him to his fears.

"Ned," said he, "if you don't stop this frolicking, and drinking, and spreeing, you'll get the *dropsy*—I know you will—and you'll die in spite of the d—! I tell you, once for all, to stop it, for if you get the dropsy on your chest, you are a gone sucker! all the medicine in my chest won't save you! No, sir, burn't brandy won't save you!"

The Doctor chid in vain—in vain did he continue to enumerate the various cases of hard drinking terminating in dropsy that had come under his observation since he had been a member of the Medical Staff. Ned was incorrigible.

As the lectures on temperance, and the terrible pictures of disease and death, from indulgence in strong drink, held up to his view, were of no avail in exciting his fears, the Doctor was about to despair of effecting a reform, when it was brought about, for a time in the following manner.

As usual, late one night, Ned came home very *glorious*, singing at the top of his song with a whoop loud enough to "wake up half of creation. After making several lurches towards the door, he succeeded in entering, and in the vain attempt of disencumbering himself of a coat and pair of boots, at the same moment made a pitch forward, and lighted with his head against the short ribs of his sleeping, roommate. The doctor's bowels of compassion were sadly disturbed; however, after venting on the head of his fallen friend a few hearty curses, he kindly assisted him in divesting himself of his clothes, and saw him decently laid out on his mattress.

Next morning, as soon as it was light, the Doctor possessed himself of the sleeper's pantaloons and drawers, and with the assistance of the hospitable matron, had them neatly taken in about four inches in the waist, then quietly replaced them, and tumbled into bed to await the result. Half an hour before breakfast, (his accustomed time for raising.) Ned slid out of bed, cooled his copper by a long pull at the water jug, and then commenced the operation of making his toilet. The Doctor, who was lying with one eye open and a wad of bed clothes stuffed in his mouth—by way of smothering a desire to laugh—watched closely the dressing process going on before him.

"Tis very strange," exclaimed Ned; "I wonder what has got in these d—d drawers? they were large enough yesterday, and now I can't make them meet! 'Tis no use in trying—I'll hitch them to my pants."

Ned then drew on his pantaloons, and strained himself to the utmost to make them meet over his bread basket, but it was no go—for with every effort he only increased the size of the bunch of shirt that "stuck out a foot" between the buttons and button holes of the waistband. After exhausting himself in vain attempts to

close the opening in his nether garments, he approached the Doctor who appeared to be asleep, and, after arousing him, inquired if he could tell what had occasioned the sudden disproportion between his unmentionables and that part of his person which now refused to be enclosed in them.

"Why, yes," said the Doctor, rising and scrutinizing Ned closely—It is just as plain as the nose on your face—you have been drinking and swilling, at such a rate lately, that just what I predicted has come true—you have got the *dropsy*!"

"Great God! you don't tell me so!" ejaculated the poor Lieutenant, as he clasped his hands together and fell back in an arm chair. "Oh! that I had listened to your advice, my dear fellow!—Can't you do something for me?"

"I'll try!" was the reply, "but you must go to bed, keep on low diet, avoid all stimulating drinks, and take such remedies as I may prescribe!"

"Thank you, Doctor, I will do anything in the world to get rid of this horrible disease," said Ned, "and if you will only cure me, I'll promise to stop drinking altogether—Doctor do you think I'll have to be tapped?"

"It is impossible to say, Ned, but," added the doctor, "as you are young and have a good constitution, I think we may avoid that operation, provided you keep still and lie on your back!"

Ned followed the Doctor's advice strictly, took *simples*, dieted, and kept on his back, whilst the Doctor and Ned's brother officers, to whom the joke had been imparted, were enjoying themselves at his expense. Every day he would receive half a dozen visits of condolence from the subs of the garrison—each of whom would express his surprise at the enlarged state of Ned's corporosity.

At the end of a week, the Doctor again abstracted Ned's breeches and drawers—had them restored to their fair proportion, replaced by the bedside of his unsuspecting patient and then told him to rise and dress himself. So indeed he did, and Ned soon found to his infinite joy that his clothes were almost as much too large for him now, as they were before too small—all symptoms of the dropsy having disappeared—thanks to the kind attention of the Doctor, which were liberally bestowed on him by Ned. The Doctor bound all the officers to secrecy, and Ned's dropsy became the standing joke of the garrison.

Time passed on, and by accident or design, Ned made the acquaintance of the fair (I would not say frail) one whom the Doctor employed as Seamstress—the very person who had engaged to sew up the Lieutenant's inexpressibles—as a matter of course he had not advanced very far into her affections, before she threw out some hints that awakened Ned's suspicions, and with a little management, he soon possessed himself of all the particulars of the trick that had been played upon him. No longer having the fear of death from dropsy before his eyes, Ned relapsed into his old habits "just as easy as falling off a log," and the doctor's nightly precautions again commenced. The temperance lectures were renewed, and the late hair breadth escape was held up before him "in *terrorem*," but to no purpose. Ned's constant reply to all the admonitions of the Doctor was "a short life and a merry one!" at times, however, Ned would appear melancholy and dejected, and would say to the Doctor, that he was tired of his existence, and that he must not be surprised if he put an end to himself.

About 11 o'clock one night, after the Doctor had retired to rest, and was snoozing it away very comfortably protected from the assaults of the mosquitoes by a well tucked pavillion, he was suddenly aroused from his slumbers by the entrance of Ned who was very much disguised by liquor.

"Doctor," said he, (reeling backwards and forwards, and introducing a hiccup now and then between his words) "Doc! get up! I want to talk to you 'bout something that concerns life and death—I want your advice, my dear fellow, I am about to commit a deed—a fearful deed—a horrid deed! Get up, won't you?"

"Clear out and go to bed, and stop your noise," growled the Doctor as he turned over in bed.

"Well, it is the last favor I have to ask of you, Doctor, and I ask it for the last time. I am tired of this life, and if you don't get up I'll blow my d—d brains out, (and here he drew and cocked a pistol.) *will you get up to hear what I have to say or not?*"

"No, and be hanged to you," shouted the Doctor.

"Then here goes," and as he said it, bang went the pistol, and poor Ned was stretched on the floor weltering in blood.

"Great God," cried the Doctor, as he leaped from the bed, (carrying with him the mosquito bar through which he had bolted his head,) "what have you done!" then casting a glance in the corner of the room, he saw by the flickering light of an expiring candle, the mutilated remains of the unfortunate young man. As he rushed in agony from the room he encountered several of the officers, who hearing the report of a pistol were proceeding to the spot to learn the cause of this unusual disturbance. To their enquiries the Doctor only replied by exclaiming, "Oh! he begged me to get up—he said he would kill himself if I didn't get up, and he has done it! I might have prevented him. Oh! I never, never shall forgive myself!" Such were the lamentations uttered by the Doctor as he paced backward and forward before the door when the commandant demanded the cause of the alarm.

"He has just shot himself, and I might have prevented it, Sir, but I would not get up when he begged me hard to do so. Oh! I shall always have his death upon my conscience."

"But speak, sir, who has shot himself?" asked the commandant, seizing the frantic Doctor by the remnant of the mosquito bar, which still streamed from his neck.

"Lieut. C., Sir—has blown his brains out!"

"And have you examined the wound?" demanded the commandant.

"No, sir, no—I shall never be able to look upon him again."

"Calm yourself, Doctor, and go immediately and ascertain the extent of the injury," said the commandant, sternly.

The Doctor yielded to the tone of authority with which the last words were spoken, slowly returned to his room where the tragical scene had just been enacted, and approaching the glory remains of the poor Lieutenant, felt his pulse to see if life was extinct, when Ned raised himself up and placed his finger on his nose and said, "You'll sew my pantaloons up again will you, old Pill Box." The fact was, Ned had obtained some bullock's blood, and had well bespattered himself with it, which the Doctor supposed was Ned's. It occasioned a hearty laugh among the officers, as they were in the secret; to which the Doctor said he saw nothing to laugh at.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE In response to C. J. Ingersoll's Resolution.

To the House of Representatives:

I have considered the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 9th inst. by which I am requested "to cause to be furnished to that House an account of all payments made on Presidents' certificates from the fund appropriated by law, through the agency of the State Department, for the contingent expenses of foreign intercourse, from the 4th of March, 1841, until the retirement of Daniel Webster from the Department of State, with copies of all entries, receipts, letters, vouchers, memorandums, or other evidences of such payments, to whom paid, for what, and particularly all concerning the North-Eastern Boundary dispute with Great Britain."

With an anxious desire to furnish to the House any information requested by that body which may be in the Executive Departments, I have felt bound by a sense of public duty to inquire how far I could with propriety, or consistently with the existing laws, respond to their call.

The usual annual appropriation "for the contingent expenses of intercourse between the United States and foreign nations," has been disbursed since the date of the act of May 1st, 1810, in pursuance of its provisions.

By the third section of that act it is provided "That when any sum or sums of money shall be drawn from the Treasury, under any law making appropriation for the contingent expen-

ses of intercourse between the United States and foreign nations, the President shall be, and he is hereby authorized to cause the same to be duly settled annually with the accounting officers of the Treasury, in the manner following—that is to say, by causing the same to be accounted for specially in all instances wherein the expenditure thereof may, in his judgment, be made public, and by making a certificate of the amount of such expenditures as he may think it advisable not to specify; and every such certificate shall be deemed a sufficient voucher for the sum or sums therein expressed to have been expended."

Two distinct classes of expenditure are authorized by this law; the one of a public, and the other of a private and confidential character. The President in office at the time of the expenditure is made by the law the sole judge whether it shall be public or private. Such sums are to be "accounted for specially in all instances wherein the expenditure thereof may, in his judgment, be made public." All expenditures "accounted for specially" are settled at the Treasury upon vouchers, and not on "Presidents' certificates," and, like all other public accounts, are subject to be called for by Congress, and are open to public examination. Had information as respects this class of expenditures been called for by the Resolution of the House, it would have been promptly communicated.

Congress foreseeing that it might become necessary and proper to apply portions of this fund for objects, the original accounts and vouchers for which could not be "made public" without injury to the public interest, authorized the President, instead of such accounts and vouchers, to make a certificate of the amount

"of such expenditures as he may think it advisable not to specify," and have provided that "every such certificate shall be deemed a sufficient voucher for the sum or sums therein expressed to have been expended."

The law making these provisions is in full force. It is binding upon all the Departments of the Government, and especially upon the Executive, whose duty it is "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed." In the exercise of the discretion lodged by it in the Executive, several of my predecessors have made "certificates" of the amount "of such expenditures as they have thought it advisable not to specify, and upon these certificates, as the only vouchers, settlements have been made at the Treasury.

It appears that within the period specified in the resolution of the House, certificates were given by my immediate predecessor, upon which settlements have been made at the Treasury amounting to five thousand four hundred and sixty dollars. He has solemnly determined that the objects and items of these expenditures should not be made public, and has given his certificates to that effect, which are placed upon the records of the country. Under the direct authority of an existing law, he has exercised the power of placing these expenditures under the seal of confidence, and the whole matter was terminated before I came into office. An important question arises whether a subsequent President, either voluntarily or at the request of one branch of Congress, can, without a violation of the spirit of the law, revise the acts of his predecessor, and expose to public view that which he had determined should not be "made public." If not a matter of strict duty, it would certainly be a safe general rule that this should not be done. Indeed, it may well happen, and probably would happen, that the President for the time being would not be in possession of the information upon which his predecessor acted, and could not therefore have the means of judging whether he had exercised his discretion wisely or not. The law requires no other voucher but the President's certificate, and there is nothing in its provisions which requires any "entries, receipts, letters, vouchers, memorandums, or other evidence of such payments" to be preserved in the Executive department.

The President who makes the "certificate" may, if he chooses, keep all the information and evidence upon which he acts in his own possession. If, for the information of his successors, he shall leave the evidence on which he acts, and the items of the expenditures which make up the sum for which he has given his